

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxi.



THE UNEXPECTED LEGACY;

OR,

"LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO."

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN ISLEWOOD'S ACCIDENT—ITS INFLUENCE ON HIS FAMILY—ELIZA'S ALARM—SHE BEGINS TO SEE HER ERROR—DAMERGUE'S VILLANY.

It was in the month of January, the weather had been severe, and with the alternation of snowy showers and beating frosts, had ended in leaving roofs, walls, and roads, as slippery as glass, when one morning John Islewood was sent for, to repair the window frame in a house on Clifton Terrace. It was in the upper story, and a very long ladder was necessary. John managed, with the assistance of a lad, to steady the ladder against the wall, and had ascended nearly to the top when it suddenly slid from under him, and he was precipitated to the ground, where he lay in a state of almost insensibility. In a few minutes several persons who witnessed the accident, came to his assistance, a crowd was soon collected, and the poor fellow was carefully wrapped up in blankets, placed on a shutter and conveyed at once to the Infirmary.

Eliza happened to be walking up the High Street, when she met the sad procession, and was horrified and smitten to the heart on ascertaining that the poor sufferer was her own father!—struck down suddenly while in the pursuit of his honest labour, and while she, his daughter, was parading the streets in her laziness and pride! Never, never, in her whole life had she felt such shame and remorse; so, snatching her fashion-decked hat from her head, she followed him in an agony of tears to the door of the hospital, and then flew to apprise her mother and Rose of the misfortune which had befallen them.

Sorrowing together, and forgetful then of everything but the common sorrow, which overwhelmed them, stood those three trembling women in the waiting room of the Infirmary, every moment to them an age of suffering unspeakable, till they should hear the fiat of the examining surgeons as to the state of one never so dear to them as now.

At last it came. Poor John Islewood was suffering from concussion of the brain, and an operation would be necessary to raise the depressed portion of the skull: he had received, also, dangerous internal injuries, and many severe external bruises; everything that skill could suggest would be done for him, and as he was already under surgical treatment, his family was informed they could not see him before the next day appointed for visitors, which was the following Saturday, this being Tuesday.

With heavy hearts the women turned away,—Eliza perhaps the most wretched of the three,—in the pangs of remorse for having forsaken her family and her home, were gnawing at her conscience, and on all sides sorrow and disappointment seemed gathering around her. That night she lay again in her little bed by Rose's side, and the sisters mingled together their tears and prayers; but in the morning Eliza's former feelings had, in a great measure, returned, for Mrs. Islewood's fretful grief worried her, and instead of offering words of sympathy and comfort, she spoke to her mother in the most unkind manner.

"There, do'st thou mother," she said; "don't keep on like that, you're enough to drive anybody wild: and I'm sure you seem more afraid of coming to want if poor father was to die, than anything else; and, oh, how I wish now—how I do wish—"

and here her voice was choked with a burst of tears. Rose did her best to confine her own grief to her bosom, in order to comfort her mother and Eliza, but her heart felt ready to break. And, when alone, her sorrow was intense, while, with her face buried in her hands, how upon her bended knees she prayed heaven to restore her suffering parent to life and health,—prayed as only those can pray whose hope is on the "Rock of Ages."

The next evening Mr. Adams called in. The surgeon at the hospital, who had first seen poor John Islewood after his accident, was in attendance upon his (Mr. Adams's) blind old mother, and having learnt from him that the operation had been successful, and that John was no longer insensible, though in a very precarious state, he had come at once to give his welcome intelligence to his wife and daughters.

Mrs. Islewood and Eliza were loud in their expressions of pleasure and thankfulness; but poor Rose, clasping her hands together, half rose from her chair, and then sank back again nearly fainting.

Mr. Adams was the first to spring to her assistance, but she soon recovered her composure, and anxiously listened to his communications, trying to extract

comfort from the all too scanty details; and then he talked to them so kindly, so soothingly, pointing out the duty of unrepining submission to our Father's will, reminding them that without His permission not a sparrow falls to the ground, and that however afflictive events might appear to human eyes, yet we ought not for a moment to doubt there was good in everything, and that all was ordered for some wise and beneficial purpose, although in our ignorance we could not see it; so that all were quite sorry, when he took up his hat and wished them good night, for they felt that in Mr. Adams they had found a true friend.

As another night did much towards the restoration of Eliza's volatile spirits, she determined to go back to her lodgings, after her admission to see her father,—and this was the visitors' day. The meeting was one of mixed pain and pleasure to all parties: poor John was, as the doctors say, "progressing favourably," yet, though his bed had become easier, there was no chance of his leaving his bed for some weeks, as he was suffering great pain and distress from the other injuries he had sustained in his fall. Some time must elapse ere he could hope to return to his family. Mr. Adams was a frequent visitor at the hospital, and poor John found increasing pleasure in his society.

Ah! Mr. Adams said he one day, after a very grave conversation with him on the inscrutable ways of Providence in working good out of evil, "I begin to see many things as I lay here crippled upon my bed, in pain and sickness, as I never should have done else, and I can look back upon my past life, till I seem down-right to tremble,—things look so different to one when one has had death staring one in the face, as one might say, Sir; and I'll tell you this, Mr. Adams, I am glad to see you, and I'm glad to see the 'Five Bells' for me—not an stick—to it too, if ever I gets out of this here place alive—no more of the 'Five Bells' for me—not an penny drop of anything stronger than water shall ever pass my lips again, and I'll go a different way to work with my poor women folk. There, I know my misuses 'a't the best of tempers, and do fidget and worry anybody, when things don't go quite straight; and I believe she encourages our Liz, in all her nonsense and bad behaviour; but may be I was cross, and went the wrong way to work with them—I wish I had listened more to Rose, many a time when she would have made peace among us, but I didn't, more's the pity."

"I'm thankful to hear you talk so, my good friend," said the clerk of St. Maurice's, taking John's hand with a kindly pressure, "and is not good thus already coming out of evil? Oh, John, if we could but always keep that in mind, it would be better for us."

Eliza had returned to Mr. Cramp's, and was paid the sum of a few pounds of arrears, but she could not conceal from herself that her frequent loans to the fascinating drawing master had made such deep inroads into her purse, that but, comparatively, a very small sum remained; and she began to wish she had not indulged herself in quite so many trinkets—and as he still hung back as to the subject of her long-ago ambition, she was in anything but a tranquil state of mind or temper; besides, as she possessed but little command over her feelings, Mr. Damergue was well aware of her design, and seemed willing to take advantage of her regard for him, by hinting at something very like an elopement; but even this was vague, coupled with dark hints of untoward circumstances which often delayed a man's happiness against his will, and so forth—still deluding her by a vast amount of bonied words and tender looks, and altogether such hyperbolic devotion, that any girl, less silly, could scarcely have been deceived when she found her love generally ended by borrowing her money.

One day as Eliza was dawdling over one of her unfinished dabs, with a brush of Indian ink in her hand, Mr. Damergue ventured to steal an arm round her waist, and drawing her closer to his side, whispered delectable words in her ear, tempting her, with subtle persuasion, to fly with him at once, as a cruel fate was then at work to separate him from her. But Eliza's innate sense of propriety and womanly dignity at once asserted themselves; for, with all her faults and follies, she was a moral girl, and above disgracing either herself or her family. In that opinion of her, her father was correct. She started away from him, feeling absolutely shocked and outraged; but, with her usual impetuosity, rising from her seat and standing before him drawn up to her full height, she demanded the meaning of his proposal, and why, if he really had that regard for her that he pretended, they could not be openly and honourably married in their parish church.

The hero of pencils made some unintelligible excuse, taken by surprise as he was by Eliza's unexpected conduct, and ended by making her believe that only circumstances, over which he had no control, obliged him to propose a clandestine marriage, and that that

was all he meant. Eliza was pacified, but secretly convinced, and her mind was filled with doubt and fear, as she returned home to her lodgings.

Very little rest had Eliza Islewood that night—slowly she seemed to awaken to the conviction that Mr. Damergue had been practising upon her credulity, and that, after these months of alternate hopes and fears, she was in reality no nearer than she had been the first week, to the goal of her desires. Was it then, O! was it possible, that he never did intend to make a lady of her (for in Eliza's eyes the different grades of society were far from clear)—were all her hopes to be overturned! Oh, no, no, even a private acquaintance were better! Perhaps he had an inexorable old father, like those she had read of in novels and romances, who cruelly kept him out of his fortune, or he might be for a time dependant upon the caprice of some wealthy, stingy old relative. Yes—he surely did mean honourably after all. Should she trust him? Should she elope with him, and be married privately? The game was yet in her hands. She could yet be a lady—perhaps concealment would be necessary only for a short time.

In the morning Mrs. Cramp—who had brought up Eliza's hot water, and was arranging the room, as that young lady exacted a certain amount of respect from Aunt Cramp,—made an unusual pretence of bustling about, rinsing the washhand basin, and clattering the bottle and tumbler, till Eliza, unwillingly aroused from the light sleep which had fallen upon her for the first time since four o'clock, demanded in no pleasant tones what on earth she was about.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Cramp, who had effected her object, "I am so sorry I should have disturbed you, I was as quiet as a mouse, too, I thought; but, dear me, I was so put out about something I've just heard up at Mr. Bell's, that I don't seem to know justly what I am about. Such a gentleman, too—so queer—who would have thought it!"

"Who—what do you mean, aunt?" said Eliza, now thoroughly aroused and sitting up in bed.

"Well, there, my dear, don't put yourself to such a flutter; it's nothing to you nor me, in course, only about your drawing and painting—and that; and the man was handsomish, I don't deny; but handsome is as handsome does, say I, and that ain't him, I reckon."

"Do go on, aunt," exclaimed Eliza, giving her aunt a push.

"Don't, Liz, you're enough to knock all the breath

out of one's body; but there, I went up to ask Mrs. Bell for the pattern of a sleeve she'd promised me, and to—be—sure—what a way I finds her in, and

Mr. Bell, too, for that matter; for believe me, if the bird

wasn't flown and not one penny of board and lodgings

paid for the last four months. Oh, but wasn't Mr. Bell in a passion, and telling his poor wife it was all

her fault, for not insisting on the money weekly—just

like the men, always haying all the blame upon the

women's backs,—the men creatures!"

"Go on—go on," said Eliza; it was all she could say.

"Well, Mrs. Bell told me that about nine o'clock

last night, one of the station fays comes up, and out

jumps a fine, tall, showy young lady, and asks if Mr.

Damergue didn't lodge there; and then up she tears,

and into Mr. Damergue's room,—and bangs to the

door. And she heard them both talking a great

deal, but though she listened at the keyhole, she

couldn't word it very said; and then there

was a good running about, and, bye and bye, Mr.

Damergue comes out to the top of the stairs, and

orders up some tea; and when Mrs. Bell took it in, there

was the lady sitting down quite comfortable, with her

bonnet off, and her great black eyes, and shiny hair

done up so beautiful, and a velvet mantle, and green

silk dress, and she looks up and laughs quite saucy

like, her teeth were so white and gay; and Mrs. Bell

like, says she, "I've ordered the fays back at ten,

now, what's your name, for my husband and I'm going

out for an hour to see an old friend of mine a little

out of town—and keep up a fire," she said. So Mrs.

Bell, she curtseyed and said, "Yes, mum,"—but 'twas

the first time she ever heard of Mr. Damergue having

a wife, and she was all in a flurry; but she had a wed-

ding ring on, and her handkerchief was marked "Kate

Damergue." Well, they waited and waited, the Bells

did, and ten o'clock came and eleven, and twelve and

one, and believe me they never came back at all; and

when they went up to look about, the gent's best clothes

were gone, and his dressing case with gold fittings,

which always stood on his dressing table, and his silver

mounted razors and gold watch. And the policeman

whom Mrs. Bell called in declares that all the

drawings and things, and a few old clothes he has

left behind, won't fetch a five pound note the lot.

Only but think, Eliza, here's a pretty swindle for the

poor Bells; and he, with a witless, all the while a

passing himself off for a bachelor or a widower or something; but you don't say a word to it, Eliza! A'int you surprised out of your seven wits?"

"Yes—yes—oh, to be sure—of course I am," jerked out poor Eliza in a hoarse voice; "but I go down, Aunt Cramp, my head aches fit to split this morning, and you make it ten times worse with talking so."

This unexpected blow to all Eliza's ambitious hopes seemed to stun her; at first she felt unable to think—she could not realise it, that the man who had been flustering and flirting with her for so many months, whom she believed to be perfectly devoted to her, who had offered (though clandestinely) to make her his wife, and who had borrowed from her, at different times, nearly all her little wealth, was a married man and a villain!

Poor vanity-stricken, deluded Eliza! what a reverse to all her ambitious projects; what utter mortification and confusion of face! How bitterly she had to rue her presumption and folly, in seeking to soar above that station in which had pleased God to place her! As she lay tossing on her bed, bursting at times into an agony of tears, her eye would rest on some of the fiery which lay about her little chamber, and which, as she looked at it, she now almost loathed; there hung her favourite blue lam dress with velvet trimmings; here her hat and feather; in one corner, the black silk mantle in which she felt herself always such a perfect representation of a lady, in another her sable muff and victorine, and on her dressing table lay a few cheap but showy trinkets, some of them presents from Mr. Drummond; while, against the wall, were pinned up, for certain Eliza—certain Eliza—certain evidences of her utter lack of talent for the Fine Arts. Her day-dreams were over—she could no longer aspire to becoming, as she had fondly imagined, a lady. Her money was all spent, and when she reflected on the laughter of her discarded companions, whom she had shaken off upon her assumption of a more dignified condition, she felt as though she could have jumped into the river, rather than meet them and encounter the rough jokes she should be certain to hear. In this miserable state of mind Rose found her sister in the afternoon of that memorable day, which was never to be forgotten by either of them; but it was a long time before she could get the misguided Eliza to listen to reason, or calm the rage and vexation which was boiling in her breast. Rose was too skillful a surgeon to tamper lightly with the wound. She opened the subject of her visit in an honest, straightforward manner, told Eliza how truly thankful to Providence she ought to be for having escaped so great a peril, and brought a kind message from her poor crippled father, who, though only that day returned, had never recovered from his accident—offering her, with much love, the shelter of her old home.

It was long ere Eliza would consent to anything, and it took days before she could bring her proud spirit into subjection; but a very powerful agent, in the shape of Aunt Cramp, was at work—Aunt Cramp had been receiving, during her long and tedious nursing of Eliza, a good deal of money, and was lodging for nine weeks. Eliza had nothing to pay it with; but, in consideration of her being "kin to her," she consented to take as payment the best of Eliza's much beloved fiery, trinkets, and furs, and the beautiful dawns which adorned her room.

HOW TO CURE BAD TEMPER.—"My lads, when a dog makes too free with you, jumps and bounds over you, you say, 'Down, Nero, down, sir.' That is what you must say when passion rises; 'Down, sir.' I once took a passionate man very much aback, by asking him to hold his tongue while he felt my pulse, or else while I felt his. It is astonishing how efficacious a moment or two of quiet is in the midst of a great storm. When the fit is very strong on you, think how you would appear before the glass, or rather think how you do really appear before God. The greatest of all heroes is he who can rule his spirit in a great storm. So, my lads, I must have you take the blind road of passion out of the velvet of life."—From "A Blind Amor, a Book of Proverbs and Parables for Young Folk." By Rev. Paxton Hood.

TROUBLES.—"Some people are as careful of their troubles, as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else; if they could, they would have a picture of their grief, in a gold frame, hanging over the mantel-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish—they think more of their dear little grief in the blanket, and in the cradle, than they do of all the world beside; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say, don't fret. 'Ah! you don't understand me; you don't know me; you can't enter into my trials.'"*—Id.*

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

"What does it matter," said Hannah to herself, "if I choose to give mother my dinner, instead of cooking it?" accordingly, she cut a thick chop of her mistress's loin of mutton, before putting it down to roast. Bye and bye, it was time to make the family pudding, from which she abstracted some currants, and flour, and an egg, saying, "I can eat the last at dinner."—Of course, being a healthy, hungry girl, she did not eat less than sufficed her; but, then, she said, "What does it matter? there's plenty."

The next day was Sunday, and Hannah went out in the evening, carrying her bag and pockets uncomfortably filled with what she called "Bits" in consideration for which, her mother made and mended her clothes—thus affording her time for no personal of her favourite romances; wherein, by some process, which the authors left unexplained, everybody married above their station, and lived happily after committing a murder or two.

"I'm so vexed," said Hannah's mother, "we've got to move right away—father's work's gone to the other end of the town."

"How shall I manage about the bits?"

"Confound it, you get the market peony somehow, instead of them?"

"I don't know, missus generally goes to market herself."

"Well, of course you can't expect me to do your sewing for nothing, and the things wouldn't keep good, many of 'em, till you could come."

Hannah went home full of perplexity; she was afraid her mistress would notice the difference, if she left taking the "perquisites," as she called them; and though her wages were good enough to admit of her paying for her dressmaking, she had grown accustomed to spend that money in sweets and penny novels, and in what she called "a drop of comfort, now and then." Going to the publichouse for this last, she had there met a person who offered to buy her "kitchen stuff" at a better price than usual; and now, she determined to consult her as to a variety in that same "kitchen-stuff," saying, "You see, Mrs. Nash, my appetite is bad just now, and I can't eat my share of victuals, but it wouldn't do to take less, or I might always be expected to."

"Of course, that's the way—well, bring 'em to me; I can give you something for them, I dare say."

This plan once begun, carried Hannah farther than she had ever dreamt of; Mrs. Nash and she still kept up the farce of calling the things she brought, "her food," for it is an old law, that deceivers will be self-deceived; but Hannah must have been an ostrich, if she could have eaten the soda, soap, &c., which she took to Mrs. Nash, who complacently observed that "all was fish that came to her net."

One day it was Mrs. Nash's turn to be perplexed. Another servant of her acquaintance had, she said, "Got into trouble, through bringing her some dusters, that she thought weren't wanted;" the so-called dusters were, in fact, dinner-napkins, which had been one by one kept in the kitchen, till they were too dirty to be recognized; but something, however, had raised the mistress's suspicions, and finding these and some other things missing, she had called in a policeman. This policeman happened to be a friend of Mrs. Nash's, so he gave her a hint that his chief suspected her, from something he had heard, and meant to come with a search warrant, adding, "If I find anything, you know, friend or no friend, I must do my duty." Of course it became Mrs. Nash's business to take care that "I'll tell you what," she said to Hannah, "you must take these bothering things home with you—they'll be safe enough there."

"Oh, I can't," said Hannah; "what have I done, that I should be mixed up with the business?"

"Well, if I get into trouble, I sha'n't spare anybody, and I could tell rather a pretty tale of you, my lady."

Hannah was threatened and persuaded into taking away the things; and walked home with what seemed to her to be the heaviest bundle she had ever carried in her life.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself that night, "this is all through mother moving—what a plague it was!" She forgot to go deeper, and say, "this is all through Hannah pilfering—what a sin and folly it was."

Poor Hannah! it seemed to herself that she ate and slept upon that bundle; all sorts of wild thoughts passed through her mind, as to getting rid of it—but still it was there, and so preyed upon her, that her master remarked to his wife, "How ill that girl looks; what is the matter?"

"Well, I really think she eats too much, only it is such an unpleasant thing to speak of—bread, meat, butter—nothing stands before her, it is quite a diseased appetite."

Hannah happened to overhear these remarks, and, knowing as she did, that the appetite was Mrs. Nash's, she felt mortified at being supposed to be, what she called, a "gormandiser." "Oh, dear," she thought, "if I was only well out of this."

As usually happens with those who have no habit of self-control, her low spirits took the form of ill-temper, and her sullen looks and short answers at length caused her mistress to say, "Are you dissatisfied with your situation, Hannah?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then if you wish to remain, you must alter your manner; I neither give nor take surliness."

It was the first severe rebuke that her mistress had given her, and coming on the other trouble, caused her to lay awake that night, crying bitterly.

Next morning came the climax; a policeman knocked at the door and asked for the lady of the house, whom he greeted with, "Very sorry, ma'am, your servant has some stolen goods." At these words, Hannah, who was leaving the room, stumbled over the door mat and fainted.

"Looks bad, ma'am," said her policeman, "fainting's an old trick—come, get up;" but getting up was not possible; Hannah did not revive, until the bundle had been found in her box, and she woke to hear her mistress say, "If she goes to prison, she is ruined,"—ruined!—yes, as in a lightning vision, she saw herself, character gone, to work, no home; for she foresaw that her mother would have nothing to do with her, as a disgrace; in her extremity, she called upon God, and He heard her.

"Hannah," said her mistress, "the lady who owns the things has no wish to press the charge, if you will confess, as Mrs. Nash and the other servant seem to have done."

The gleam of hope softened Hannah's remorse into repentance: "Oh, ma'am," she sobbed, "I will tell you all, from the very beginning, I will, indeed."

And she did, with such evident truth and sorrow, that even the policeman said, "I think, ma'am, you might give her another trial." Hannah's mistress remembered the text, "Blessed are the merciful,"—and she did so.

Happily, Mrs. Nash left the neighbourhood, having, as she said herself, "made it too hot to hold her;" so Hannah's new resolutions had fair play. After some months of steady right-doing, she had the joy of feeling her character re-established, and she retained her situation for years; but she never could hear the phrase, "What does it matter?" without saying, "Ah! everything matters."

SARIE.

TO BRITISH WORKWOMEN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Doubtless there are numbers amongst you who think it very hard that you should have to labour, while you see so many of your own sex, with more strength and vigour than you possess, who have no cause to do so. But surely you forget that these persons, if not called upon to work with their hands, have their ears; sometimes far greater than your own, although of a different sort. We know that some of the workwomen in the present day are far too much overworked. I am sure that in saying we deeply regret, and most earnestly sympathize with such, I am not only expressing my own feelings, but those of all our thoughtful sisters.

How many of the first mentioned class are sufferers from a feeling which you all share, thank God you know nothing of—I mean *envy*. How many are continually saying "There is nothing for me to do." "I have no aim in life." My friends, God has mercifully provided you with both, and it is your duty to accept His will in a contented spirit, thankful if He has given you health and physical power to secure it: for I could give you many instances, if space permitted, where persons would willingly, yea, would rejoice to labour if they only had sufficient power, either mental or bodily. Dear friends, I would implore you to do that which is right in the eyes of God, which it has pleased God to place you, remembering there is a world to come, in which, if we enter, we shall find everlasting rest.

That we may all so enter through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Fellow Country Woman,

S. M. M. B.

THE FIRST FALSEHOOD.—Can a wife ever request counsel again from the husband of her choice, after she has detected him in the first falsehood? Can the husband ever look again with perfect satisfaction upon the countenance of his wife, after the first falsehood has polluted her lips? Alas! no! a barrier has been broken down, and the waves of sin and sorrow roll in upon their paradise of domestic enjoyment.

ABOUT THE CHINESE.

JOHN CHINAMAN is on tolerably intimate terms with JOHN BULL. There is nothing like a good cup of tea, to refresh one, and set us all right after along walk or a hard day's toil—so Mrs. Bull will tell you; and yet we very often forget John Chinaman, while we sip his Hyson or Bohea. There has been a good deal of fighting—more's the pity—between the Chinese and English—never mind now who was to blame. There has been, consequently, a good deal said and written about these curious tea-growers, with their big fans, long pig-tails, wonderful self-importance, and extravagant claims. For some years there was a Chinese Exhibition at Hyde Park Corner; for a long while the late Mr. Albert Smith discoursed on China at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; a couple of Chinese Manikins, little, if any, bigger than Tom Thumb, excited considerable attention all over the Continent. A Chinese Junk attracted many visitors in the Thames; now we have an exhibition of Chinese Jewels at the Crystal Palace, and are promised a P'ychow Giant!

How the women fare in the flowery lands of China and Japan is not without interest to British Workwomen. Their condition is certainly very degraded, and the practice of infanticide, which has been described as one of the institutions of the Chinese, is a

terrible instance of the result of this degradation of the women. Speaking of infanticide in China, a recent writer says:

"One day we went to inspect one of the baby towers, of which there are a numbers round Shanghai. They are wells surrounded by walls, with apertures through which the bodies

are thrown in. It appears that all poor peoples' children, which die in infancy, are wrapped up in straw and deposited in one of these towers, to avoid the expense of coffins and burial ceremonies. They emit a terrible odour, and when the mass of straw bundles almost reaches the top of the tower, it is emptied, the contents are burnt, and the ashes spread as manure over the fields."

The same writer gives an amusing sketch of hair-dressing in China and Japan:

"On riding up to the hotel at the village of Katsugawa, we found that there had been a great influx of visitors, and were not long in discovering that a hair-dresser was busily engaged in exercising his functions on the heads of the ladies present. I witnessed two different styles of hair-dressing, both equally elaborate and laborious, and made an exact memorandum of the various articles used during the whole process. We counted no fewer than twenty-eight small combs, numbers of lengths of black thread, white ditto, black grease (made use of in order not to show amid the jetty tresses), a thick kind of waxy-looking grease, applied in order to make the hair stiff, and thus more subservient to the will of the operator. Besides these were endless quantities of wire shapes, pads, and papers cut to sizes, all of which were in constant requisition.

"The Japanese women have no parting in the centre, but a piece of hair immediately in front is divided off an inch and a half in breadth, the divisions on each side of this lock joining in the middle of the head, about half a finger-length from the forehead. The hair for a small space behind this is always kept shaved, the front piece being tied immediately above the shaved part, and generally joined in with the back, though it is sometimes cut quite short after it is tied.

"The hair at the back and sides is suffered to grow very long, separated off, then tied, and some portions dressed, all the rest being reunited and again divided, rolled over pads or round shapes, but in a manner too intricate to admit of any intelligible attempt of explanation. The mode most generally adopted, probably from being the least elaborate of all I saw, consists of a large bunch of hair on the crown of the head, the front dressed as usual, leaving but little hair immediately at the back. This bunch they decorate according to the season, station, or the toilette the occasion requires, invariably with some ornament or other, not unfrequently consisting of pins and beads, arranged in quite as inexplicable a manner as the head-gear of the Chinese ladies."

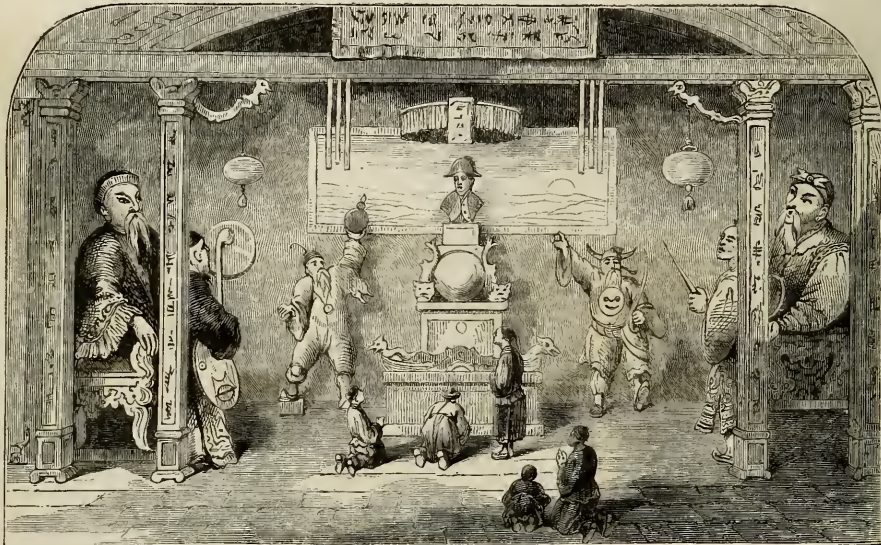
A few particulars about the Religion of China may not be without interest to our readers, and so we offer no apology for their introduction.

with the fumes of burnt gilt paper, and the stench of exploded crackers—and that they win their way to a heavenly rest, by so many idle ceremonies and extravagant expressions of devotion.

Another form of religion in China is that which was taught by Confucius. Be honest, be truthful, be just—such were the precepts he taught and practised. It was a plain system of morality; as such it still prevails. There is very much in his creed about the duty of man to man, very little about the duty of man to God. He directed his followers to respect the gods, but to keep them at a distance. When asked how we should serve spiritual beings, he answered, "Not being able to serve men, how shall we serve spirits?" When asked about a future state, he said, "Not being able to know the true state of the living, how shall we be able to know the state of the dead?" Evidently all that we call Religion was to him obscure. He was a great moralist, but how unlike the Teacher who could say, "I am the light of the world."

Most of us have heard of the new religion professed by the insurrectionists in China—a religion which bears some outward resemblance to Christianity. Together with the truth they have mixed a vast amount of error—errors so great as threaten to prove fatal to the religious progress of these Chinese

Protestants. "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." How is it with us? We have God's Word—plain, practical, positive—all we should believe—all we should do, very distinctly set forth. Are we faithful to our privileges? "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE JOSS HOUSE.

There are three recognized religions in China: Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism.

As to the religion of Buddha, it is distinctly stated in the dying words of the founder of the faith. "Learn," said he, "that the principle of all things is emptiness and nothing; from nothing all things proceed, and to nothing all things return, and that is the end of all our hopes." On close examination we find Buddhism to be nothing else than Atheism—there is no God—no immortal life—no heaven—no hell—worst of all, no hope! A truly comfortless creed.

The religion of Taoism—described by its teachers as a more reasonable faith—professes to adore pure virtue and reason—but, it is in point of fact, a gross idolatry of things "in heaven above and the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth." All sorts of misshapen and repulsive-looking idols may be found in the Taoism temple or Joss house. Of one of these temples we give a representation. Gaudily decorated, pig-tailed and bearded deities, are there; here, supporting a symbolic ball; there, a drawn Napoleon Bonaparte! The poor misguided idolaters are ready to worship every stick and stone. They fancy they arouse the attention of their gods by the sound of drum and cymbal, that they propitiate them

enter into the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"THE MIRACLE OF NAIN."

"And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise! And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."—Luke vii. 13.

It was a cold, stern, gloomy day, at the time when the leaves fall, in the land of Judea. The first fruits had been laid upon the altar with the clusters of the ripe vine, and the poor, the fatherless, and the stranger, had gleaned the corners of the autumn field. The harvest of the Hebrews was over, and the vintage feast was done. Sad and solemn is the season of the year when all things fade with the leaf. When the flowers of the forest are faded away, and life, and strength, and loveliness, go down into the ground and die. But, besides these natural solemnities, there was, in that land, a human sorrow at the time of the text. In the city called Nain, there was a mourner's house. The sun had gone down on the life of a man while it was yet day. A woman wept away her soul. There was a voice heard in Nain, lamentation and weeping. A mother mourned for her child, and would not be comforted, because he was not. It is the burial day. They carry out the dead, laid on an open bier, the face unveiled to view; silent with the last sleep; calm, and

undisturbed by any earthly dreams. Before the dead walks the Levite; behind come the mourners. It was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

What sorrows entered into her soul! She had thought that this her son would live to bury her. She looked to his face would stand by her last bed; his fingers close her eyes; and she trusted that his voice would have been the last sound she should hear in this world. All this trembled with her tears, and quivered in her sigh, as she came on after the dead. But at all once the funeral stands still; silence surrounds the dead. The widow looks up through her tears, and what of whom does she see? A fair and stately form of a man. Light, supernatural, pours from His sacred eye; pity and compassion shine around His brow. He pauses; and, with lifted hand, His fingers touch the bier. He speaks, and a voice saith, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" But can the dead hear? Will that cold flesh feel! Shall that command call back from Paradise the distant and separate soul? Listen!

Lo, he that was dead sat up, and began to speak: he poured forth sudden words of life, and truth, and joy. He lives. But there is more to tell. He who upraised the dead was not content. He lifted the fingers of the young man. He leads him from his couch of woe. He guides him to that woman in her tears. He delivers him to his mother. And He which did these things is Jesus, the Redeemer of the world. What a sight it must have been to see? What a scene of wonder and joy! A record of mighty doctrine made known to men.

It proclaimed a resurrection. Before that time there was only a dim and shadowy hope of any world to come; a vague promise; a vision of dreams. Enoch, that righteous man, had passed away with flesh, but not with a new life. Elijah, too, was caught up in the air, and that without death; but the place of his body angels never told. If the Jews had fully known a resurrection of the body, the Sadducees had never been, for they denied angel, and spirit, and world to come. Until Jesus came, life and immortality were hid. It was that lifted the latch, and undid the door, and bade men look in, to behold the place that shall be hereafter. Thrice did He speak to souls that had departed, and thrice did they obey His voice.

At His command Lazarus came forth. By His word the man's daughter lived. And now, at Nain, in the presence of many people, the Redeemer performed the resurrection. It was as though He said that day, "Marvel not at this; an hour come when all the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live!" Thus then, said the Miracle of Nain. The sinner that lay had a new life restored to him—even youth, and beauty, and the perfect man. So they say it ever was with miracles of love. The form of Lazarus, when he came forth from the tomb, above with superior brightness, and lived again in youth. The ruler's daughter woke to lovelier life, and death had been to her like a furnace of refiner's fire. And this young man of Nain arose complete, and glorious, and strong. All whom the Lord Jesus chose to be examples of His resurrection were raised up to youth; and were, to look on, as the angels of God. This is a solemn mystery; so solemn, that there will be no imperfection, such as childhood is, neither any failure, as there is in age, but like the three whom Jesus raised, all will be in youth, and strength, and glory.

But there is yet another comfortable thing revealed at Nain. The Lord was not satisfied merely to restore the dead, and then to pass by on the other side. He did not rest content with the miracle of might. He came and touched the bier, and when they that bare him stood still, he said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" It was so—he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. But that was not all. The Lord approached once more the scene. He took him by the hand—He led him where she stood—that widow in her tears—that woman in her deathless love—and the Lord delivered him to his mother; introduced the arisen dead, joined the divided, brought back the lost, made the severed one.

This will be His principal gladness in the resurrection. Jesus will rejoice to bleed again into a single house the scattered families of the earth. It will be to Him a chief delight, when He shall have called up the silent into life and voice; to perform once more the Miracle of Nain; and to deliver the son to his mother, the husband to wife, the friend to friend. Think what a scene! After all our solitude and separation, notwithstanding death, we shall receive from the Redeemer of our race, not merely eternal life, but herein to share its joy, and hearts to beat with ours in Paradise. The father will say in that day, "Yonder is my son, for whom I grieved so long, and now he wears that glorious

robe and chants the heavenly song." The mother will greet again the daughter of her love, bowed in gladness to touch the garment of the Son of God. Oh, comfort one another, ye women now who weep. He shall say once more, "I say unto thee, arise," and deliver from the death. Weep not—as Jesus said—the Miracle of Nain shall be enacted once again. Your son, your daughter, your husband, shall be brought back. If a sister, your brother shall rise again. Your mourning and widowed heart shall leap with joy when it hears its Saviour's voice—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—(Eph. v. 14.) A. K. C.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

JUNE, 1865.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury.*

AMERICA.

THERE was a great gush of thankfulness a few weeks since when it was first proclaimed that the American war was nearly over. We, in our happy, sheltered English homes, can scarcely conceive of all the misery that has been wrought in our sister country by this terrible, scourging, devastating war. We have not had, as have they, the groans of the wounded and the dying at our very doors. Our land has not been laid waste, our pleasant things have not been taken away from us, our dearest have not gone forth as victims. Only the echo has reached us—the gloomy shadow, telling of a far more dismal substance. And yet our women's heart have been touched with pity. Tears have been freely given, fervent prayers have been presented, and even more active measures of sympathy have been organised.

We saw a touch of the horrors of war in its consequences—our Lancashire distress. That was our part of the burden, which we had to take up, and carry, and alleviate as best we could. It nearly overwhelmed us—for we knew of fathers out of work, of mothers growing thin and old, of children crying for bread where there was none to be had; but, thank God, we had not the far harder trial to bear, to give up to the destroyer, our nearest and dearest, in all the brightness and beauty of their early manhood. We knew not what it was to send forth the stay of our age or hope for the future, and have him brought back maimed and stricken for life; or, even more terrible still, to see the name, dearer to us than all besides, in that frightfully long list of, "killed."

But all British Women have given these suffering and bereaved brothers and sisters their sympathy. And when the news came that the war was nearly or quite over, many a voice sang for joy. Joy for America, that out of evil good had at last come—joy for England, that better times had dawned—joy for the universal brotherhood—for, it is peace!

And without leaning to the side of either North or South—for British Workwomen have other things than politics to think of—there are very few English people of either sex but will rejoice at the liberation of the slave. It is sad, indeed, that this blessing should have had to be bought by so much blood,—that before the peal of freedom could be rung out, so many death-shrieks should have startled the air. It is enough to make us shed bitter tears,—in the very midst of our thankfulness, to reflect upon the terrible price that has been paid for this good. But still it is a good. It is a just and right thing that the enslaved should go free, that the manacles should be struck from negro limbs, and the weight of inferiority be lifted from his heart—that he should be allowed to vindicate his manhood, to prove if

he can that he is more than a mere chattel, that he has a heart, a mind, a soul!

And, therefore, English women rejoiced when the termination of the war was come, or coming.

But close upon that came new and sadder tidings. The President had been assassinated in the very flush of victory, before the rejoicings had scarcely begun; a good man was slain by a cowardly hand. And once again the unfortunate country was plunged in deepest woe. Great sympathy has been expressed by England; and our widowed Queen has, like her noble, thoughtful self, sent a letter of condolence to the newly-made widow of America!

Again, other news has come—that the assassin was taken and killed. We must all feel the greatest horror and indignation for the crime, and yet his dying words will bring tears into many eyes. "Tell my mother," he said, "I die for my country." Poor mother! her's is no common grief. How careful should mothers be what lessons they teach their sons. Moreover, they may take this comfort, they are not forgotten even on the battle-field—even in scenes of sin and wrong. And when the last scene of all comes, instinctively the dying man turns to his first and best friend—his mother.

But some useful lessons may be learnt by this sad calamity.

English prayers are needed now as much as ever. Oh! mothers, teach your little ones to pray for "peace in their time." Teach them, too, to beware of angry passions, to control their tempers, to be careful about saying words which shall stir up the ire of their brothers and sisters. Surely, thus may many wars be prevented. Teach your sons, too, O British Workwomen, to be heroes, to love their country, to be willing to serve it; but especially to cultivate the truest—which is Christian heroism. Make them earnest, right-minded, thoughtful boys, so shall they be good and useful men.

But while we pray for America, let us remember that we, too, might have been plunged in the dire confusion of the battle. He who holds nations, as the waters, in the hollow of His hand, "gives peace in our time," and to Him should our praise be offered.

God forbid that any of our readers should have to send forth sons, or brothers, or husbands, to any battle-field.

TO MY MOTHER.

O thou whose cares sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wore;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rime, these untutored strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smil'd responsive? who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
Who would have mark'd my bosom bounding high,
And clasp'd me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fann'd, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildest touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft my every grief,
That we both bath trac'd thy brow with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall I tell thy lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

DAVIDSON, AN AMERICAN POET.

HOPE.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY. We have already spoken of Faith, and of the evidence of Faith—Charity. The pencil as well as the pen has been employed to set forth their characteristics. We have seen Charity taking to her bosom—with loving arms embracing—the young and the helpless; we have seen Faith lifting her hand and eyes to heaven, and resting on the cross of Christ; and now we have the emblematic figure of Hope, steadfast, confident—the anchor, that enters within the veil—her sure and lasting trust. She looks forth undaunted on the world of waters, and sees afar the haven to be gained at last—the rainbow of promise spanning the clouded sky.

We are hopeful creatures—even at the worst of times, we are inclined to think that matters must mend, and that a brighter day is in store for us. You are troubled in business, work is hard to find, and it is difficult to provide even daily bread. Do you sink in despair? No—you *hope* things will take a turn, and you push forward in expectancy. Your child is ill, dying,—already the neighbours have given it up, and doctor is very much of neighbours' opinion, but you cannot give it up; while there is life there is *hope*. You feel your own strength decreasing, and there is a sad scene upon you often of the end—the chill of the valley of the shadow of death; but you still *hope* that a change for the better may come with the bright weather. Your unruly boy, who has broken the restraints of home, and fled you know not whither—for him you still *hope* the best, and still listen for his well-known footstep and the music of his merry voice.

There is not any condition of life but what is rendered the happier by *Hope*; to prosperity it gives the hope of permanence, to adversity the hope of better times. It soothes the sufferer, comforts the sorrowing, strengthens the weak, encourages the timid, cheers the disappointed—by leading the mind to the contemplation of the future, by contrasting the may-be with what is. Is it not so with you? We *hope* so.

But *Hope* sometimes paints a fancy picture—tells a flattering but deceiving tale—mocks with a mere semblance of happiness, as beautiful and as terribly deceptive as the mirage, which is oftentimes seen in Eastern deserts. There, on the parched sands, the exhausted travellers behold a scene of rich verdure; tall trees casting their grateful shade on a green carpet, watered by a deep clear stream; but when the travellers draw near, the scene fades away and leaves them in their miserable plight to perish. Such *hopes* are sometimes those on which we rely, and then how bitter the disappointment!

But there is a *Hope* that never disappoints, that wears no false aspects, gives no promise that is not fulfilled; this is the *Hope* of the Christian, the *Hope* which the Apostle associates with the kindred graces Faith and Charity.

"We desire," says the Apostle, in writing to the Hebrews (chap. vi.), "that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of *Hope*." God, he tells us, has given strong consolation, amid all the cares and trials, the sorrows and the sufferings of life, to those who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the *Hope* set before us. This *Hope* is the anchor of the soul; and it is no common anchor that may yield to the elements, but sure and steadfast, and it has been cast on no shifting sand or yielding ground, but has entered within the veil; that is, the *Hope* we have looks not at the things seen but the things unseen—it helps us through temporal difficulties, but it has its hold on eternity.

No matter what storms arise if the cable be sure, the anchor firmly settled,—our ship cannot drive on the rocks, and though it may be tossed about, it is safe. Many a hopeful anchor has given way in the

storms of life, and many a brave vessel has gone down. But this cannot be the case with the Christian, for his *Hope* rests on God's promises—God's sworn promise—"For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he aware by himself, saying, Surely, blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying, I will multiply thee. And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. For men verify swear by the greater; and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife. Wherein, God willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the *hope* set before us." (Heb. vi. 12-18.)

This *Hope* is said to extend within the veil, "whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." The allusion here is to the high priest, as the representative of the people, entering within the veil, under the ceremonial law. Jesus has gone to heaven—there He ever liveth to make intercession for us—our *hopes* centre in Him—all the promises are made to us through Him—He is our refuge and our strong consolation—and there is no room for fear when the heart is filled with love to Him.

It is painful to reflect that there are so many—full of hopes for themselves, for their children—hopes of worldly prosperity and comfort—who are strange to the *Hope* of the Gospel, and who are without God and without any sure *Hope* in the world. The Life-ship can never be safe—even in the smoothest water and beneath the clearest sky—if it be not secured with this anchor. All other anchors yield—all other cables break—and when the storm comes the dark abyss must swallow up the vessel, be it great or small. See to it, dear reader, that you are provided with this anchor of the soul—that when the storm comes you may fear no evil, riding quietly at anchor, until an abundant entrance shall be given into the Lord's kingdom. Have you this good *Hope* through grace? Have tribulation, and patience, and experience wrought this *Hope* in you? Have you felt the duty of devotion and consistency, as that of every one who hath this *Hope* in her? Dear reader, we *hope* so—as we *hope* to meet you in that blessed country, where Faith and *Hope* shall be lost in an atmosphere of Eternal Love.

THE SHEET OF NOTE PAPER.

"Writings are the key of my writing-case, Fanny? I never shall find it, and if I don't write to-morrow to-night, she won't know about my going home, in time that she may send word to Jenny to come too. Do lend me a sheet of writing paper, will you?"

"With all the pleasure in life, my dear, if I had one," answered Fanny the parlour-maid, "but I haven't—not but what I could find you one either, if you are hard run," she added.

"Why, there's always lots of paper in Missis's blotting book. I'll be bound anybody might help themselves to what they please, and she'd never be a bit the wiser."

"Oh, Fanny, for shame! why that would be stealing," said Ellen.

"Stealing, indeed; why what's a sheet of paper to genteel folk?—I tell you anybody uses what paper they like out of the blotting-book, and when there is no more left, Missis just goes to her Davenport and puts in a fresh quire. Why, I should think no more of taking an odd sheet of paper, than picking up a pin from the floor."

"I'd rather go and ask Missis to give me a sheet of paper, than take it from her unperceived; at least, I know that's what my mother would say."

"Well, please yourself," said Fanny, "but I wouldn't be such a precious silly for something." Ellen writhed irresolute. One minute she was for giving up her intention of writing; another, for going to beg a sheet of her mistress; then she thought she

would ask to go out and run down to the station—'s by the bridge, but she remembered she could not possibly get back in time to write her letter, and now, moreover, Mrs. Plant, her mistress, had company and would not like to be disturbed. Her conscience told her not to listen to Fanny, to thrust away from her at once the very thought of dishonesty—yet, there she stands, parleying with temptation. The thought then comes into her mind, that if Fanny takes the paper, it won't be the same thing, as if she does it, and she can easily put it back when she is able to open her writing-case.

So she answers, "Well, then, Fanny, if you'll just get me the paper, I can soon write my letter, and perhaps there won't be much harm in it, just for once."

And so the paper was stolen, and the letter was written, and the first step in dishonesty was taken.

Oh, Ellen, Ellen, could your eyes but be opened, to see how you are walking on the verge of a most steep and fearful precipice,—could you see all the future misery that you are bringing on yourself, the bitter, bitter tears that you will one day shed, that that very act of dishonesty, that now seems to you such a mere trifle—surely you would pause and consider.

The days pass on. Her fault is not found out; and now the deed is done, she thinks it would be little use to worry herself about it. Not only is that particular sheet of paper not returned, but another, and another are taken, even before the day comes for her to go home for a holiday.

Ellen's mother, Mrs. Ray, fears, from the girl's manner, that there is something amiss, and questions her again and again respecting her place, her fellow-servant, &c., &c., but to no purpose.

Ellen is ashamed to confess to her true-hearted mother what she has done, and so wandered yet farther away from that straight forward and happy course in which her parents had tried to bring her up.

When she returned back to her place, on suddenly opening the bedroom door, what was her surprise to see in Fanny's hands the very brooch which a few weeks before Mrs. Plant had missed from her dressing-table, and had been so firmly convinced that it must have been taken by Kitty Somers, a young girl, whom she had employed to do some needlework for her (and who had been accidentally left alone for a few minutes in her bedroom), that she had refused any longer to entrust her with work.

"Why, Fanny," exclaimed Ellen, "however did you come by that brooch?"

"Why, I just borrowed it for a bit, to be sure."

"Oh, how could you, Fanny; and you know how miserable poor Kitty has been all along of that brooch. People won't trust her now with any work, and her father away, and her mother so ill. Do go and give it back to Missis."

"Likely, indeed," said Fanny; "preach to yourself my lady. Go and tell her where you get your writing paper, and then I'll see what I'll do." And with a scornful laugh, the bold, hardened girl flaunted out of the room.

Sorrowful tears coursed themselves down Ellen Ray's cheeks. She was grieved at heart for poor Kitty Somers, who was her cousin, and had been her early playmate. Yet, what could she do? She saw plainly what an artful and dishonest girl her fellow-servant was; but how could she go and betray her, when she had herself profited by her dishonesty?

Besides, Fanny, after leaving her room, had put in her head again, to say, that she would forgive Ellen the three shillings which the latter had borrowed of her a few weeks before, if she would befriend her, and say nothing about it. This was a great temptation to Ellen, seeing that she was then hanging in the window of Mr. Poole's the draper, which she had been looking at with longing eyes for some time, and only wanted half a crown more to enable her to purchase. So, after much pondering of the matter, she determined that she would just let things take their course. Indeed, so easily does wrong-doing pervert the understanding, and blind the judgment, that she actually persuaded herself that it would be just as unkind to expose Fanny, as to let Kitty continue to bear the blame.

And thus another step was taken in the downward course; for to wink at dishonesty in others, is a very near approach to being dishonest ourselves.

Fanny's crime did not, however, remain long concealed. Growing bolder in vice, she was found out in other dishonest acts, and was then suspected of having taken the brooch. She was summoned before the magistrates, found guilty, and committed to stand her trial at the approaching assizes.

Ellen was also obliged to appear as a witness. At first she adhered to her former statement that she knew nothing of the matter, but she soon involved

herself in contradiction, and being sharply cross-questioned, was forced at last to acknowledge that she had seen the brooch in Fanny's hands.

Her prevarication naturally caused it to be supposed that she was more in league with Fanny than she really was. She lost her place, and, what was more, her character, and had to return home to be a burden to her parents.

She tried many different situations, but she did not, alas, try to escape from the thorny path of deception and fraud. Having no good name to lose, she plunged yet more recklessly into guilt. She had so stilled the voice of her conscience, that it almost ceased to up-braid her.

But, we have no time to follow her history through all its tortuous windings. She made acquaintance at length with a private soldier, belonging to a regiment quartered in the neighbouring town, and after a few weeks of courtship, to the grief of the parents, married him. Poor girl, she knows nothing hardly of the real character of her husband; she reckons not of the hardships and trials a soldier's wife has to endure. Thrown into the society of rude and rough men, and some of the most depraved of her sex,—what yet remained to her of delicacy and right feeling soon forsook her. Losing all self-respect, tied and bound with the chain of her sins, she sinks lower and lower, and becomes the miserable victim of her husband's brutal ill-usage.

After a few years, she returns to her native village, a widow, and the mother of three young children. Those who see her, can hardly recognize in the worn and shallow-cheeked woman, the once merry-hearted girl, who had a bright smile and a cherry word for everyone.

Ellen is an old woman, but we are glad to say she is a changed character. Her sufferings have been the means of leading her to see the evil of her ways, and, in faith and contrition, to turn unto Him, who is able to save the lost and the guilty. But, the consequences of her sins yet remain; for no wrong act can ever be undone, and it is a fearful thing to contemplate what a harvest of woe ungodly parents thus sow, both to themselves and their offspring.

Ellen's only son, who is now in his many years the grief and torment of her life, was at last transported for burglary, and is now a convict in one of the penal settlements.

Mary, her eldest child, crippled from neglect and bad treatment in infancy, died young.

Jane the youngest, was happily rescued from evil example and bad management, by her grandmother. She turned out a steady, truth-loving girl, and is now goes to see her mother, but what the latter reminds her to beware of the first beginnings of sin: not to stop to reason, but at once to turn her back on whatever she feels to be wrong.

And if our young readers will try to follow the wise counsel of the old woman, they may be spared her painful experience.

SONGS OF THE WORKERS.—No. 8:

HOME-PICTURES.

TUNE.—"Annie Laurie."

They gather round the fireside,
Or in the garden green,
They glance about my pathway,
And brighten every scene.
They are my sweet home-flowers—
I love them in their glee;
Oh! my sweet and bright home-pictures,
They all are dear to me.

There is my bonnie Katie,
With eyes of deepest blue,
A merry little maiden,
I know her heart is true.
She meets me at the door,
With welcome in her eyes;
And I love my bonnie Katie,
She's good and kind and wise.

And there is little Harry,
A merry boy of six,
With grey eyes full of mischief,
And full of merry tricks;
But when my heart is sad,
There's none so fond of me,
Nor fame, nor friends, nor riches,
Are half so dear to me.

My little soft-haired Susan,
Is ever by my side,
And her father's arms shall shield her,
When grief and pain bestride;
And I daily thank my God
For His precious gifts from heaven—
His gifts to little children,
Aids to the poor man given.

M. F.

THE FEMALE ORPHAN HOME.

"When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord shall take thee up." This is God's promise, and God's people—his stewards and almoners—are ever ready to dispense His bounty. England has many noble Institutions for orphan children, and among them the Asylum at Elstree, near Stannmore, holds no inconspicuous place. It is only ten years old. The report just issued says:—

"The work was begun towards the close of 1855, for the purpose of providing for destitute orphan girls, and securing for them a home in which they should be surrounded with religious and family influences, and be trained for domestic service. It was, and still is, an individual effort, resting on the promises given in relation to fatherless children.

The working of the Institution from the first has been highly satisfactory, and its promoters can confidently point to results as they appeal for help.

"We shall," say they, "be grateful for any help the reader may feel inclined to give, either by sending a contribution, by collecting, by donations of valuable materials for clothing, or of books and toys suitable to the children, many of whom are very young. As a work of daily dependence, being supported mainly by donations, and without any reserve fund, it will be seen that in almost every direction help is needed.

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FAITH. WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT LEADS TO.—[Morgan and Chase.] In this useful little pamphlet, Mr. Spurgeon has condensed the substance of several discourses on different parts of Faith, now by him presented as a whole. It is sound and clear, and we sincerely desire that it may be widely and abundantly circulated, which it has reached already.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF PRAISE.—[Barclay, Birmingham; Virtue, Paternoster Row.] A book that every mother would do well to put into the hands of her children. The compiler, Rev. Charles Vince, may fairly claim for it the advantage of being enriched with the newest materials; and we may add, that old favourites are not omitted. In the preface there are some good suggestions as to times. The book, neatly stitched in a paper cover, sells for a PENNY. What British Mother will grudge so small a sum for more than a hundred songs of Zion, set for Children's lips to lip?

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN" begs thankfully to acknowledge the kind commendations of the work from many friends and well wishers for its success. He believes they will share with him the pleasure he feels in the encouraging expressions of approval contained in the following:

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Amongst the many works of great value intended for the elevation, improvement, and instruction of the industrious classes, we do not know of one which has accomplished so much good, and reached a point of so much excellence as its first year's existence, as the one edited by THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN. We have watched the growth of other works of the same class, but do not know of one which has so thoroughly deserved well of those for whom special good it was prepared, as this one before us. First, its engravings are of striking and appropriate character, illustrating matters which will be sure to win the approval of the mind, as well as gratify the eye. The variety and uniform excellence of the articles, combined with their practical character, mark another feature of success; they are short, pointed, and written judiciously, and in a kind spirit. The type is large and good, and the getting-up of the work shows a spirit of enterprise which will not fail to be appreciated. There is no pretension to a decorated text, but a elevating moral tone runs through both the prose and the poetry. Many of the incidents recorded are of an inspiring character, and show that much good may be done by a word fully spoken either by a child, a wife, or a father. We do not know of any other work in which the happy influence of woman is so strongly and simply set forth in all the varied spheres of life and duty. It is emphatically a woman's book, and we hope every husband will give it to his wife, and every brother give it to his sister."—*Wellesley Herald*.

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